

# Good Morning 240

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## EXPERTS BUSY

### ON "THE OLD ENEMY"

NINE out of every ten current sent over electricity watches cannot be repaired because most watchmakers are tied to Government work. As a fixed time like any alarm clock. In some districts the after the thousands of timepieces in large public buildings and public utility services.

Meanwhile, all sorts of novel dodges are in use for waking workers whose worn-out "alarums" have had to be relegated to the scrap-heap. Bulk wakings by telephone exchanges; systems wired to a central electric control.

A device in prospect is one that was years ago used by Basingstoke Fire Brigade. Bells installed in bedrooms would be operated by special

wiring in workers' own homes. They can be tuned to ring at a fixed time like any alarm clock. In some districts the after the thousands of timepieces in large public buildings and public utility services.

Timepieces now coming to us from abroad are altogether inadequate to meet the demand, but a great post-war scheme is in prospect to repair the old timekeepers, make good the present shortage, and compete with the revival of imports.

Lads in the trade are already getting busy, and the trade's Guild have an ambitious plan to attract the best types of boys into the industry. The experts in the trade are thinking about the making and servicing of timepieces of the future, not only of the normal types, but at the scientific end.

Already there are clocks that turn on and extinguish lighting systems; timepieces with mechanisms so delicately adjusted as to be automatically wound up by changes of temperature as little as one degree Fahrenheit; "shadow clocks," which throw the time on the ceiling for the benefit of bedridden hospital patients.

The future will include watches that run without oil, radio-controlled clocks, even watches with the works sealed up in a vacuum. Then, maybe, your watch will be quite willing to forget all about overhauls.

At the moment the home trade—what is left of it—is kept fully occupied looking depots, garages, works, and

There are nearly 300 in Buckingham Palace alone, many of them marvels of ingenuity and intricacy. One expert spends his whole time winding and keeping them in order.

Over 330 run on in the Houses of Parliament, but in the House of Lords, which remains faithful to old traditions, the time taken in its divisions still continues to be marked by a sand-glass.

Some time ago, Big Ben, when workmen were recently repairing his dial, did something he has seldom been known to do before—stop. Neither hands nor mechanism had been touched. Then, "Blimey!" gasped one of the men, "where's me 'ammer?"

It was found on the hour spindle bracket. Wedged, it had jammed the works, stopping the clock at 10.13 p.m.

Millions of radio listeners the world over missed the familiar boom at midnight. Nothing could be done in the black-out, but next morning the hammer was retrieved, and Big Ben, appeased, talked to the world once more.

Ten London Transport men will have their first severe headache of the year when summer time returns and 3,000 clocks must be altered at

along hundreds of miles of recorder checks the janitor's road and Underground in the own rounds, another records 2,000 square miles which the company covers.

So will the Post Office men detailed to put forward the G.P.O.'s 10,000 clocks in London alone. On one railway system there are well over that number, as well as 20,000 official watches of guards, drivers and station-masters.

Formidable tasks, since these and thousands more official clocks and watches must, as well, be kept always in good order. It allows little time or labour for the repair of private timepieces, and none at all for producing new ones.

Four years of labour shortage have borne hard on family clocks and watches. While the shortage lasts it becomes more and more essential to take meticulous care of what we still have.

Just how? By keeping clocks away from outside walls. But before moving a grandfather or grandmother clock, it is wiser to take out the pendulum, or to stuff a good wad of soft material behind it to prevent damage to the delicate spring. See, too, that the kitchen clock is placed as far as possible from the boiler or the gas stove. Steam and fumes play hell with steel and brass.

Wear on the rim which encloses the glass, in fact on all external metal fittings, is arrested by a coat of white enamel.

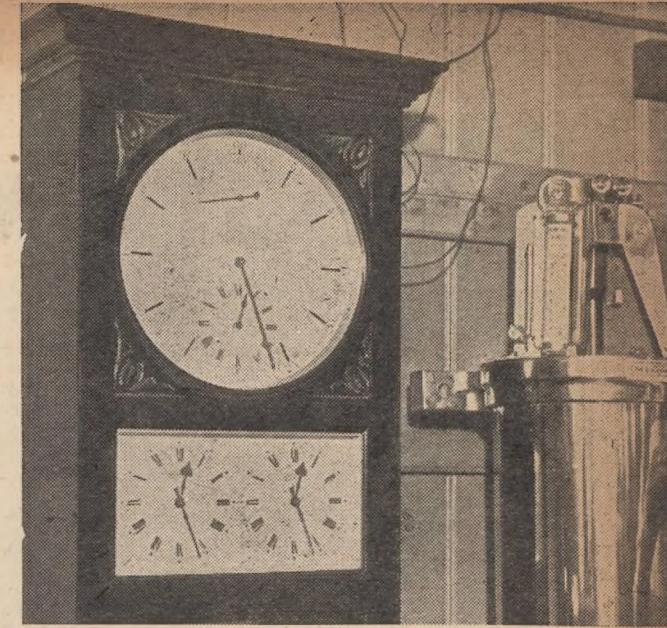
If the clock at home has a white-painted or brass face, tell the folk not to clean it with water. In time this would remove the black figures; it's better to use oil. And wear your watch during thunderstorms; atmospheric vibrations are then far less likely to break brittle springs.

Wind it in the morning, not at night; a watch works harder by day, and appreciates this extra thought.

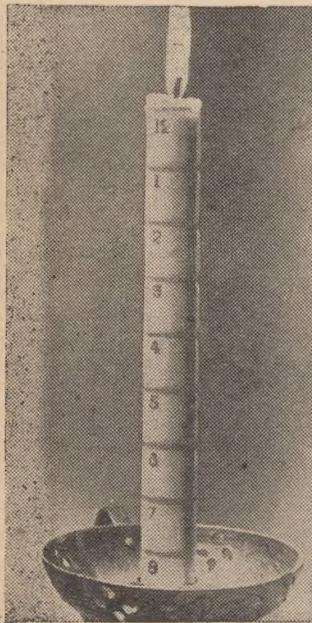
Now, in factories, a clock-controlled mechanism is often installed, probably the first robot devised to replace the labour of men.

One type of modern time-

30 DEC 1943



★ Greenwich has world's most accurate ★ clock



★ King Alfred's "Candle Clock" ★

### "OH, WILL, WILL!" Sighs

ANDRE THORNWOOD

RECENT events have started quite a boom in will-making, and one big stationery shop in London has taken advantage of the boom by putting up a notice: "Don't give anybody trouble. Make your will and save arguments."

But some wills that have been lately proved have done anything but "save arguments," and some of them have even baffled the law in administration because of the fantastic conditions of the wills.

Take the case, for instance, of the will of the Dowager Lady Sackville, famous as a hostess in Edwardian days. She directed that her body be cremated and the ashes presented to Alfred English's oyster shop in Brighton, because she had been a regular oyster-eater there.

The cremation took place, and the ashes were left in "state" on the counter, but ultimately they were taken out to sea and deposited on the waves which wash the English Channel.

Mrs. Kathleen Sherwood, of New South Wales, laid it down in her will that her ashes were to be taken and scattered over the North Sea near the spot where Kitchener was lost on H.M.S. "Hampshire" in June, 1916. It was found that this could not be done, however, because all she left was £500, and that was not sufficient for the conditions of the will to be carried out.

Lieutenant Richard Laybourne, of Monmouthshire, found a way whereby his memory will always be remembered in the Welsh Guards. He was but 23 years of age when he was killed in an R.A.F. accident, and in his will he directed that £500 should be set aside out of his money for the buying of a bottle of champagne. This was to console the Welsh Guard officer who was on duty on Saturday nights between the cold nights of October 1st and March 31st every winter.

He also left £3,000 for supplying cigarettes and beer to all Welsh Guards, to be consumed on his birthday; and if there was any surplus it was to go towards providing comforts to poor and needy Welsh Guardsmen who had enlisted in Monmouthshire.

A curious will was debated some time ago in the London courts. The testator left all his money to his sons on condition that they would not become

### L/S ALBERT ROBINSON

#### —Michael's a keen Footballer

ALTHOUGH he's not yet two years of age, your fair-haired son is already keen on football, Albert, and when the "Good Morning" man called at Joel Place, Oldham, Lancashire, there was Michael putting in vigorous dribbling with a cloth ball your wife had made for him.

He's so keen on football, your wife told us, that he sometimes punts his orange rations around—but not for long! They are too full of valuable vitamin C for that treatment.

We guess this keenness for the grand old game is inherited from you, Albert; you played Rugby with the Water-

head, Oldham, team, didn't you?

Young Michael is already acquiring a ready speech, and when we were at your home he pointed to your photograph on the wall and told us:

"Daddy a sailor. My Daddy on boat."

As you can see from the photograph, he's growing a bonny boy. And all's well at home, Albert.

The message from home ends: "All my love. God bless you."



A  
SAXON  
POCKET  
SUNDIAL,  
A.D. 900



Concluding THE LADY IN NUMBER FOUR

By Richard Keverne

# BLACKMAILER'S DOOM

**R**ELOUNTLY Merrow went with Salter to the Priors. A constable directed them to the back door, where they found Mace. The Inspector was jubilant.

"I'll show you something, Mr. Salter," he said. "I've never seen anything like it in MY life, and I don't believe you have. Talk about the skeleton in the cupboard—my oath! He's got about a couple of thousand skeletons here. Come this way."

He led them along a passage and opened a door. They saw a small wine cellar, stone flagged, with stout wooden bins, and two of the walls were of ancient masonry, a survival of the old priory.

"Kept something more valuable to him than drink here," Mace chuckled. "Found it by sheer chance. Mace seized a shelf and pulled it forward.

## QUIZ for today

1. An eyas is an Arabian mule, hawk, tropical moth, part of a watch, fungus?

2. Who wrote (a) The Story of San Michele, (b) The Story of the Gadsbys?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Pine, Fir, Larch, Spruce, Cypress, Yew?

4. On what river does Chester stand?

5. What is the world's busiest railway station?

6. What is the latest date on which Easter can fall?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Paecipitous, Surgeon, Gullible, Pronounciation, Hypocrisy, Harlequin?

8. What rank in the R.A.F. is equivalent to a Naval Commander?

9. What is the capital of Bermuda?

10. How long is a kilometre in English measurement?

11. For what do the letters C.V.O. stand?

12. Complete the phrases: (a) The Lion and the —, (b) The Walrus and the —.

### Answers to Quiz

#### in No. 239

1. Surplice.

2. (a) William Morris, (b) Samuel Butler.

3. Kipling was never Poet Laureate; others were.

4. Tone.

5. Mr. A. V. Alexander.

6. Lady Day, Midsummer.

Michaelmas, Christmas.

7. Illegible, Defensible.

8. Senior Commandant.

9. 24.

10. The Passion Play.

11. Lagos.

12. (a) Oliver, (b) Tweedle-dee.

## JANE



about evidence," Salter went on, "you might have a look in the A to D cabinet under Dennington. It might help the case against Charlton."

After a few minutes' search Mace produced a folder. Salter took it from him, went through it carefully and said suddenly, "Got him. There's all you want here. Everything he used to squeeze my client. You've seen the Warren file, I suppose?"

Mace said, "Yes. It's the only one I've taken. There's the letter in it from her fiancé; Baldock was fool enough to keep that."

Merrow turned away. He was seated. It was perfectly right, he admitted, that these two men should treat this bes-

and suddenly the gloom lifted in his heart.

Instinctively, Hugh Merrow checked the car as it topped the gentle rise where the road swung sharply to the left.

The tall beech tree at the corner was nearly bare. From the great upstanding chimney blue wood smoke was drifting lazily into the still frosty air.

Merrow turned the car slowly into the inn yard. A beady-eyed little man came hurrying from the inn at the sound of the car. Merrow called to him.

"Afternoon, Jim. Bring my luggage in and lock the garage for me, will you," he said.

Jim Bailey lifted a forefinger jerkily towards his forehead. Merrow passed into the inn by the back door.

From somewhere at the back old Stephen Paternoster appeared. The old fellow's eyes wrinkled in a welcoming smile.

"Glad to see you back again, sir," he said. "And I hope you had a good holiday."

"Grand, Stephen. Best I ever had in my life," Merrow answered.

"And I'm sure you deserved it, sir, after all that bad business. But there, I reckon we've finished with that now."

"I hope so." Merrow drifted into the Parlour and was warming his hands by the blazing fire. "Stephen, I'm cold and thirsty. I want a drink. Something long and warming."

"Well, sir, what about a pint of strong ale?"

"All right, Stephen, it sounds good to me. Better bring two pints." Merrow laughed.

Stephen departed, to return with two foaming mugs.

"Well, how have things been going since I've been away?" Merrow asked after a long drink.

"Quiet, sir, but not too bad. Chance trade very good considering the time of year, and one or two in most nights."

"Milly settling down all right?"

"Yes. She likes it, and reckons she'll like it more when we're busier."

"Bailey happy in his new job?"

Stephen laughed.

"That's a masterpiece, that is, sir. Little Jimmy Bailey—you'd think he'd been in regular service all his life. I always reckon if he were handled right he'd make a decent workman. Yes, he's happy enough, sir."

Merrow took another long pull at his mug.

"Well, Stephen, I hope I'm back to work for good now. There's lots to be done before next April. By the way, I must have a word with Milly presently. I want a rather special dinner to-morrow night. Sir Philip Argent—you remember him—the doctor who used to come here—"

"I remember him well, sir."

"He's driving—Miss Darcy

down to-morrow, and I want to show them what the 'Black Boy' can do."

"What did you have in mind, sir? Milly'll manage it, I'm sure."

"Something simple, but really English. I've brought a barrel of oysters down with me. Then I thought we'd have some partridges. Milly will have to fix up a fancy sweet for the lady, but the doctor and I will have cheese. We've got a Stilton in good condition, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir. A beauty."

"Right. Then if you can get some walnuts—a bit late, but you might try. And some fresh fruit. We've got apples—"

"There's some nice Coxes, just ready now, up in the loft."

"Well, see what you can get."

"You'll deal with the wine, sir?"

"Yes. We'll see what they feel like. But I'll get up a couple of bottles of that 1912 port to-night. Give it time to settle and get the right temperature. Sir Philip's rather fussy about his port."

Merrow finished his drink.

"I'll get along and unpack, Stephen, and then come and start work. It's good to be back again."

"I am glad to hear you say that," the old man said, with obvious sincerity. "You know, sir, I sometimes had a feeling that all this—this trouble you've been through since you bought the old house would have sort of turned you against it."

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### ODD QUOTES

There are two reasons for drinking. One is when you are thirsty, to cure it; the other, when you are not thirsty, to prevent it... Prevention is better than cure.

T. L. Peacock  
(1785-1866).

Where I am not understood, it shall be concluded that something very useful and profound is couched underneath.

Dean Swift  
(1667-1745).

I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered: which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition.

Pepys.

## WANGLING WORDS

195

1. Put three musicians in PA...TISM and make love of country.

2. Rearrange the letters of NICER SECRET and make a West Country town.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LAMBS into TALES, ZERO into COLD, SLEEP into DREAM, SOUP into STEW.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CONGREGATION?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 194

1. PLATINUM.

2. SHANGHAI.

3. CRIB, CRAB, CRAM, CLAM, SLAM, SEAM, SEAT, PEAT, PERT, PART, CART, CARD, DAME, LAME, LANE, MANE, MADE, MAZE, LAZE, LAZY, LADY, PRUNE, PRONE, CRONE, CRANE, CRAPE, GRAPE, TANK, BANK, BANG, HANG, HUNG, HUNS, GUNS.

4. GALE, GAIN, NICE, LINE, NILE, LANE, NAIL, LAIN, LACE, CAGE, GILL, LEAL, CANE, LING, CALL, CELL, LEAN, CLAN, ETC.

Niece, Angle, Again, GLEAN, Clean, Lance, Liege, Clang, Cling, Angel, Ingle, Alien, Etc.

I'M GOING FOR TWO MORE PINTS, SIR, TO DRINK YOUR AND YOUR LADY'S HEALTH," HE ANNOUNCED FIRMLY.

THE END

## CROSSWORD CORNER

### CLUES ACROSS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11					
12		13		14				
15			16					
17			18		19	20		
21				22				
23	24	25		26		27		
28	29		30					
31	32		33					
34				35				
36			37					

### CLUES DOWN

1. Ray of light. 2 Window bar. 3 Concerning. 4 Equipment. 5 Blows. 6 Inheritor. 7 Injunction. 8 Head covering. 9 Edible fish. 13 Experienced. 16 Salad plant. 18 Rouses. 20 Stablemen. 22 Old bird. 23 Motionless. 24 Unaffected. 26 Black. 27 Waterside plant. 29 Stalk. 32 Shelter. 33 Guided.

HOP	WRONG	L
OBESE	KAURI	
BOTHER	VAIN	
BEAR	EMERGE	
Y LEDGE	DIN	S
S WOUND	D	OB
COB	CLUES	T
HOSTEL	ASTIR	ALASKA
25 Harmonises.	FRAME	BITE
28 Requests.		

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Hardly Shipshape No. 12

## ROTOR-SHIPS

By E. W. DROOD

THE shallow-draught stern-wheel steamer "Inez Clarke," and her sister, the "General Troquilla," built in 1879 by Messrs. Yarrow for the mail service on the Colombian river Magdalena, were unusual types, for they carried both engines and boilers on deck, the reason being the very shallow waters of the river.

Constructed of galvanised steel plates from 1-in. to 1-10in. thick, they were divided into 18 watertight compartments. The engines were placed aft, and acted directly on to the paddle-wheel shaft, whilst to distribute weight the boiler was at the fore part of the ship.

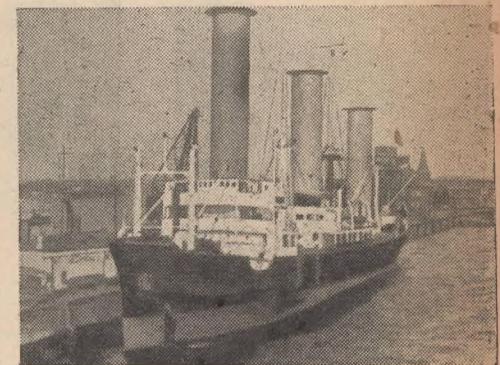
Two deep trusses served to resist hogging and give longitudinal strength to the structure, and also formed supports for the two flying decks, upon which the saloon accommodation was provided.

The engines were of the two-stage expansion type, with a high-pressure cylinder of 15in. diameter on one side, and a low-pressure cylinder of 27in. diameter on the other.

The boiler was of the locomotive type, with a divided fire-box and large grates, suitable for burning wood. The two grates were fired alternately, and forced draught from a fan was delivered into a closed ash-pit.

The fan assisted in ventilating the various saloons, and the fan engine was fitted for driving a circular saw for cutting up the timber used for fuel.

With a draught of 15 inches the two vessels could do over 13 knots. Their displacement when light was 73 tons, with a draught of 12 inches. With a load of 90 tons they drew 24 inches. They were 130 feet long, with a breadth of 28 feet. Owing to the shallow draught three rudders were fitted.



## THE BARBARA

The German rotor-ships of the nineteen-twenties came, created a minor sensation, and went.

Based on the principle that a wind impinging on the side of a rapidly turning cylinder tended to propel the cylinder along a line in a forward direction, Anton Flettner, a German, thought that if the cylinder could be fixed to a boat and made to turn by the power of a small engine, the boat itself would move forward by the action of the wind on the cylinder.

The first rotor-ship, the "Buckau," was constructed in 1924. She carried two cylinders, each 50 feet high and ten inches in diameter, and each driven by a 9 h.p. motor.

A considerable measure of success having been obtained, the German Admiralty lent its help and provided the 2,785-ton cargo ship "Barbara." Three rotors were installed, each 60 feet high and 13 inches in diameter, and each driven by an electric motor.

Tests were carried out with rotors alone, when she did 9½ knots; when under power her single screw was driven by a Diesel engine she made nine knots.

These tests were made under favourable weather conditions; but the ships never inspired much confidence, and it was felt that in a real gale they would be too top-heavy. Still, the ship crossed the Atlantic to New York.

Flettner continued his experiments for some time, but, like so many other queer ship-shapes, the rotor-ship is now only a memory.

## SMILES

A QUEER little boy who had been to school, And was up to all sorts of tricks, Discovered that 9, when upside down, Would pass for the figure 6. So when asked his age by a good old dame, The comical youngster said, "I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this, But 6 when I stand on my head."

I came across a half-crown dated 1945 yesterday—evidently someone forging ahead.

Two little fleas decided to retire from business. They bought a dog.

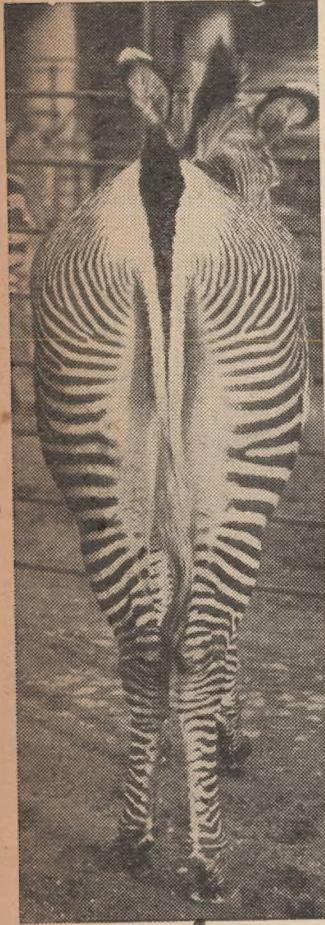
Mary had a little pussy-cat—she also had a linnet. Now she's only got a pussy-cat—'cos the linnet's in it.

# Good Morning

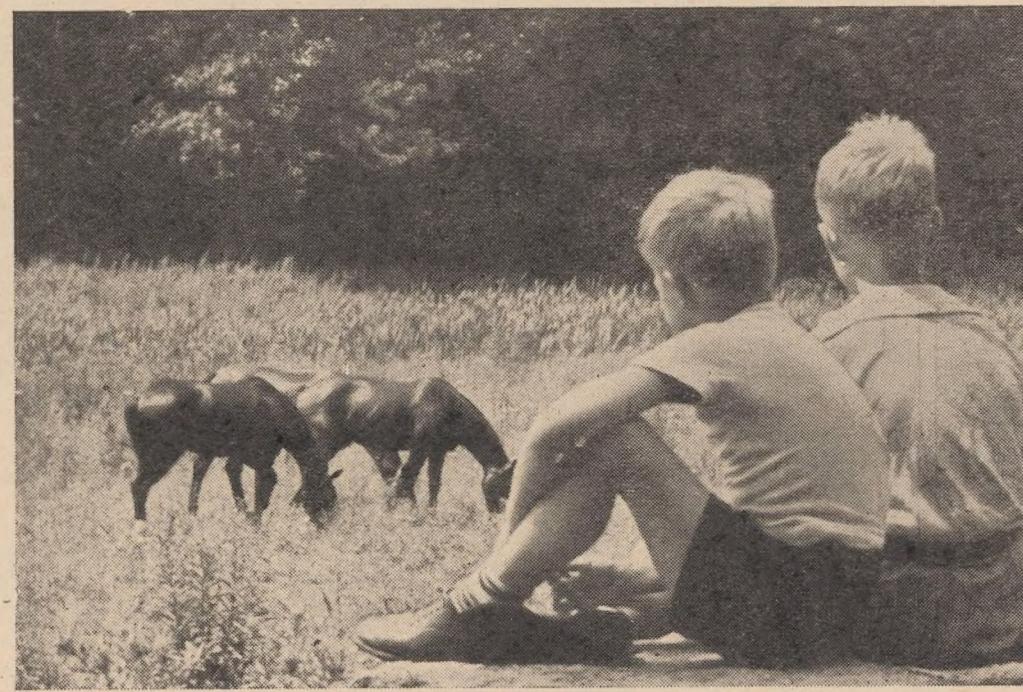
All communications to be addressed  
to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.I.

## This England

If you know the Downland, then you know also, the dewponds. Here is one at Cissbury Hill, Sussex.



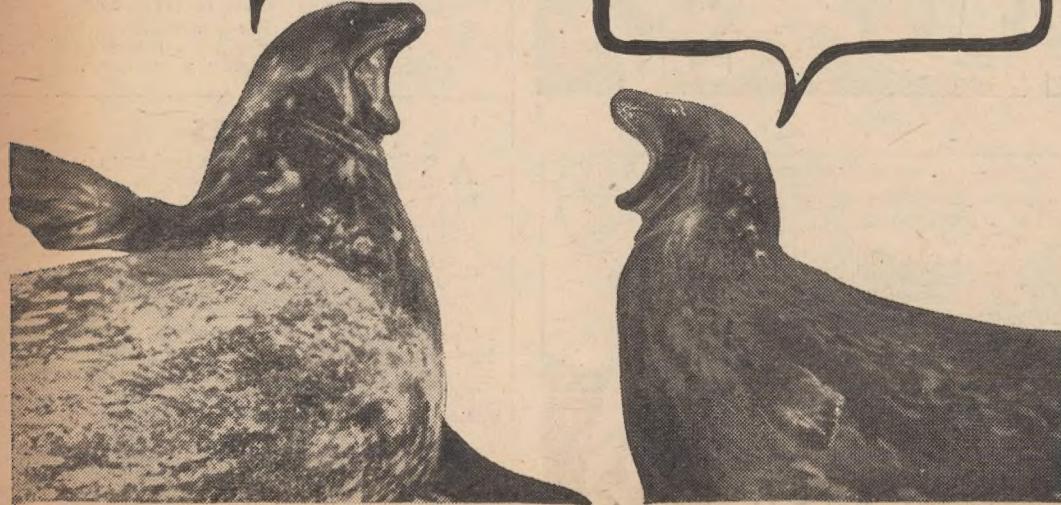
"We're all for promotion ; but one CAN have too many stripes—don't you think ? "



"How long was it  
when you last saw  
a piece of fish?"

"Longer than I could  
remember, and  
shorter than I  
could see"

"Cooer ! Just imagine  
we were cowboys and  
those were our broncos.  
Naw—what about us  
bein' cattle rustlers !  
I'd love to snaffle two  
of those."



Study of an aristocratic White Persian,  
having a very aristocratic think.



There's nothing like a new hat for making a girl happy.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, if that ain't  
the last straw ! "

